GOD AND DEMOCRACY

FRANK CRANE

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By the Same Author

LAME AND LOVELY

Religious Essays for Modern Minds

GOD AND DEMOCRACY

BY

FRANK CRANE

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"Human Confessions," Etc.

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CHICAGO
FORBES AND COMPANY
1912

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FROM ST. MARK'S GOSPEL
(X, 35 to 45)

AND James and John, the sons of Zebedee, came unto Him, saying,

Master, we would that thou shouldest do for us something.

And he said unto them, What would ye that I should do for you?

They said unto him, Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory.

But Jesus said unto them, Ye know not what ye ask . . . . .

Ye know that they which think good to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their Great Ones exercise Authority upon them.

But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your servant:

And whosoever will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all.

For even so the Son of man came not to be Served, but to Serve.

CONTENTS

THIS book seeks to show how the idea of democracy is altering the idea of God.

It is not a book of exhaustive argument, but of pointed suggestion.

It is reverent. To the mind of the author, God is the most inspiring, beautiful and wonderful idea among all ideas.

The book is not flippant nor Shavian. It is a clear, honest statement of what most Americans probably believe and what, it is hoped, they will be glad to see expressed in plain English.

Not out of disbelief, blatant irreligion and sneers, but out of sincere religion itself comes the cure. In the heart of orthodoxy is the cure for orthodoxy.

The purging, rectifying element in Christianity is Christ Himself, His bold, shattering democracy.

He has been emphasized as the Savior of individual souls. He is more. He is the original Democrat. So He is the Savior of the world.

PRELUDE

HOW THE CHRIST CAME TO THE HOUSE OF LIFE

IN the House of Life one day was great stir. A prophet had announced that at five o'clock of the afternoon the Christ was to come.

There was strife for precedence, who should be on the reception committee. After bitter debate, a compromise committee was made.

There were, of course, the Catholic Bishop, for the militant Irish; the Episcopal Bishop, for the wealthy and exclusive Brahmans; the Methodist Bishop, for the bourgeois; besides the Big Man, who had gotten rich by killing hogs, and lived in magnificence, as they used to live who killed the most men; and the Mayor, who was a Jew, but who did not want to miss anything; and the Political Boss, who was

a saloon-keeper, but loved place; and the Learned Professor; and the College President, and all Position Holders and Front Seaters.

And they drew up in lines, waiting. They had banners, candles, lodge uniforms, and there were ostrich feathers and horse tails and epaulets, scepters, tiaras and swords. There were speeches prepared, and resolutions. And there was a great throne for the Christ to sit on, when he should come.

And about five o'clock there was a timid rap at the door. All craned their necks to see, as the servant opened.

But it was only a tramp working man looking for a job. So the doorkeeper told him to go around to the back door, and to go quickly, for they were expecting royalty.

So the man went around to the back door. And he got a job, hewing wood and drawing water, emptying slops, tending fires, doing errands, and helping where he could.

And the Dignities and Magnificences waited and waited.

As they grew old and died, others were chosen to take their place. And their only business was to wear robes and regalia, and look important and do nothing.

For more than a thousand years they stood first on one foot and then on another, like solemn herons by a river.

So that there arose philosophers and scientists who reviled them and said, some that there was no Christ, others that he would never come.

And all the while the work went on in the House of Life: spinning and cooking, teaching and gardening and washing. There were children to feed, and women to weep and grow wise, and men to struggle and be strong.

And I asked the Interpreter the meaning. And he said: "The laboring man, who is the Servant in the House, is the Christ, who came at the set time; but came looking not for a Throne, but a Job.

"For the Christ seeks no hallelujahs and mowings of ceremony, but only to serve.

He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Look!"

And I looked; and it was night, and all in the House of Life were asleep, except the Servant. And I saw him as it were a gigantic Spirit, and again small as an Atom; and he was rolling up the stars to their places, bringing the south wind by, pregnant with rain, feeding the lilies, swelling the fruits, and with a myriad hands keeping the heart-pumps and lung-bellows going in sleepers.

And occasionally some would cry out for him, but they could not see him, because they did not know where to look. They looked at the empty throne and not where life and love and work were.

And still from age to age the Dignitaries and Temple Keepers waited, and sang chants to the empty throne.

And when they were sore with standing, the Laboring Man would come in and wash their feet. But they knew him not.

GOD AND DEMOCRACY

THE IDEA OF GOD IS A GROWING IDEA

THERE can be no doubt that our idea of God changes along with all our other racial ideas. And this change, we must believe, unless we be pessimists, is a development and is slowly becoming more and more in harmony with the truth. God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, but our apprehension of Him is progressive.

There is growth even within the Bible itself. Moses had a better conception of deity than Abraham, and John and Paul improved upon Moses.

The approach to truth is a slow process. It is one thing to have a truth told you, it is quite another thing to realize it, to get it ground into your whole being and to have it saturate your subconsciousness.

By thousand-year-long experiments, by much wrangling, writing, war and weariness, by the establishment and decay of institutions, by the bloom and fading of heresies, by the rise and wane of popular enthusiasms, humanity has been testing, kneading, moulding and perfecting a rational and workable conception of God. It has been a huge experiment, a trying-out that has had the world for its laboratory, centuries for its time, and humanity itself as both investigator and material.

THE OLD AND THE NEW NOTION OF A RULER

PREVIOUS to the Nineteenth Century there was nothing in human experience that could give the popular mind any form for its conception of Deity but a Monarch. All governments as a rule were monarchies. The only approaches to world unity were such monarchic experiments as those of Alexander and Cæsar. It appeared to be inconceivable that society could be held together and that law could rule without one supreme will. Upon this theory was formed, not only the secular governments, but also the Medieval Church.

The French Revolution and the establishment of the United States of

America inaugurated a new era. The idea arose, and has since spread throughout the Western World, that unity is possible without a monarch; in fact, that the monarch is dangerous to unity. The true oneness of a people depends upon the spirit in them, and not upon the power over them.

This new conception is called Democracy. Its basis is the mind of the whole people. It is humanity doing things for itself, and not having things done for it. Its effect has spread from France and America throughout Europe and is felt in the Orient.

The modern substitute for the will of the Monarch is the will of the people. Public Opinion has superseded the King's Opinion. It is a spirit, not a man—a feeling within, and not a force without, that holds a nation together.

Democracy has its defects, its absurdities, its failures, but there can be no doubt that it is steadily crowding out the king-theory.

THE GOD-IDEA IN MONARCHIES

THE people's conception of the Divine Ruler has always been formed after the pattern of the earthly rulers with whom they were familiar. God was a King. No one ever thought it necessary to prove this, because no one could comprehend any other way of ruling but the King-way.

The ruler of the universe has ever been the ruler of the state writ large. So long as there were kings, He was the King of kings.

Max Nordau says: "Man always believed in a monarchical government and creation of the world. The development of the idea of God proceeded along the lines of the development of monarchy.

When we have studied the sacrificial rites, the invocations, prayers, hymns and ceremonies of religion, we have as complete a picture of the relations between our ancestors and their chiefs as if we had seen them with our own eyes."

MONARCHIC CHARACTER OF GOD

GOD being presumed to be necessarily a monarch, all His attributes were monarchic. He had the aims, feelings and manners of the absolute kings. He rewarded and He punished. He exercised the power of life and death. When He was obeyed He was pleased, and when He was disobeyed He was offended. His glory consisted in doing just as He would, this being the prevalent idea of greatness. As Elihu, the Buzite, said to Job: "I will answer thee that God is greater than man, for He giveth not account of any of His actions."

He did not exist for His world, His world existed for Him. He was under

no obligations to us. A huge, magnified, holy Louis XIV projected upon the starry firmament, He cried, "I am the Universe," as the Roi Soleil exclaimed, "I am the State."

LIMITED MONARCHY EFFECTS A LIMITED DEITY

COMPLETE absolutism in human rulers, however, has been more or less a fiction. Customs, conventions, treaties, alliances and promises hampered them. Even the kings of the Medes and Persians were bound by their own edicts.

Councils, ministers, senates and armies, devised to carry out the monarch's will, grew into institutions that impeded it. Law, which was intended to control the subjects developed into a thing that embarrassed the palace.

Precisely the same way the unrestricted freedom of God became subject to an increasing number of checks, until Calvin and Edwards had Him tied

up by logic and by Scripture texts as hopelessly as poor Wotan in Wagner's Nibelungen Ring, who was so restricted by the runes on his spear that he gave up in despair, retired to his Walhalla palace and rejoiced when he and it were burned. He had perceived the truth that absolutism and reason are wholly incompatible, law and irresponsible monarchy will not continue together. The only escape to freedom for an absolute monarch lies in extinction. By and by law, logic and convention will choke him to death.

The attempt, therefore, to rationalize an absolute Monarch-Deity is futile.

In the case of most persons who say they do not believe in God they mean they cannot believe the kind of God-Idea that is part and parcel of that medievalism we have outgrown; it is

as if they declared they do not believe in a Czar. Confusion of thought arises from the common assumption that if there be a God, He must necessarily be a Czar.

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY

AND now comes Democracy, radically changing our fundamental conception of what it means to govern, or rather revealing to us that governing is after all a secondary business.

A nation is held together, is prosperous and peaceful, not because of its Ruler, but because of its Spirit. A nation is moulded and managed not by its official head, who is merely its executive agent, but by those who Serve and Inspire it best.

Democracy does not simply give us one kind of ruler for another, and substitute election for heredity as a method of selecting him; it goes deeper; it strikes at the very heart of the matter;

it shows us that ruling is a second-rate affair and not at all of the highest importance.

GOD THE UNIVERSAL SERVANT

IF God be not the Supreme Monarch, then, what is He?

The answer to this is the main point of this book.

The modern, novel conception of God is that of the Universal Servant and not that of the Universal Ruler.

This rests upon the discovery that the greatest thing in the world is to Serve, and that Ruling is not necessarily great; on the contrary, is usually small business, and only becomes great when it is a means of Service.

GREATNESS OF SERVICE IS NOW BEING POPULARLY APPRECIATED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY

THE world is waking up to this. There is a public sentiment, for the first time becoming widespread on earth, that it is nobler to do something for the world than to win something from the world; that it is a higher and finer thing to be an Edison or a Koch than it is to be a King, a President or a Billionaire. Our ideals are changing. We are beginning to realize that Luther Burbank, producing a new kind of edible cactus to redeem the desert is a more inspiring spectacle than Kaiser Wilhelm rattling down Unter den Linden at the head of a troop of cavalry.

Likewise our notion of God's greatness is similarly being transformed. We smile today at the gaudy significance of the Fourteenth Century potentate; we have respect for the man who does things and is modest. Hence the "God of Battles," the enthroned, crowned and sceptered image, does not appeal to this age, for the simple reason that we have made the discovery that this kind of display is an evidence of weakness and not of strength.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING GREAT AND BEING CALLED GREAT

IT is well to get this point thoroughly mastered. It is the very meat of the matter.

John Ruskin puts it strikingly when he reminds us that most persons do not want to be great; they simply want to be called great. To be the captain implies no end of hard work and self-denial; to remain upon the bridge sleepless for days in the fog, to wear out the nerves in bearing the responsibility for all the souls and goods in the ship; that is not what we want; we want to be called captain, to be pointed at, to have people touch their hats to us.

GREATNESS OF CHARACTER VERSUS GREATNESS OF POSITION

THERE are two kinds of greatness therefore. One comes from holding great Office, the other from having a great Personality. The first is false, the second is true. The first is fool's gold, the second is pure gold twenty-four carats fine.

Those who are "called" great are they who are born to great place, as kings, nobles and millionaires' sons; also those who are elected, as presidents, governors and all office holders, including chairmen of meetings, masters of lodges and the like.

Now the place holder is not only not great, but it is a safe rule that he never is nor can be great. Prominence stifles

personality. It is well to ponder this statement; it may save your life.

All systems of choosing rulers become by and by machines that regularly produce small and vain souls. For a little spirit fits into an ivory palace better than does a great spirit. The intellectual nutmeg makes the best "noble grand" or "worshipful master." In any given meeting the mutton-head is usually chosen moderator. It is always the commonplace man who has the best chance of being elected pope, bishop or president. The "best society" does not take kindly to the man who has made his millions, for he is generally a forceful character; it is his son who is perfectly at home among the smart set, because being of no account he is adapted to their false sense of values.

Of course, there are exceptions. Oc-

casionally a genuinely great man slips into the throne; millionaires' children are sometimes worth their salt, and the chairman of the meeting is once in a long while the best man present; but not often enough to matter. These are the exceptions which prove there is a rule; and the rule is, that in proportion as you gain the whole world you lose your own soul.

Take the kings, for instance. A survey of the list of English rulers shows that they have been uniformly mediocre or worse. The notable exceptions are the two Williams and Oliver Cromwell, and all three of these broke in by the window. Compare also the list of monarchs, the illustrious highnesses, of Germany, France and Italy with the real servants like Bismarck, Richelieu and Garibaldi.

Great personalities are of another order. They are usually outcasts and despised by their day. The world, till now, has steadily cursed, banished, burnt, poisoned and crucified them. Such are Savonarola, Wagner, Tolstoi, Socrates and Jesus.

A mind, therefore, educated in democratic surroundings and impregnated with modern notions of what it means to be great, must turn with indifference from the medieval Czar-God, whose "glory and majesty" do not appeal to him, and seek a God who has some of the marks of real, sterling grandeur of character.

JESUS' REVELATION OF THE CHARACTER OF GOD

IT is a very shattering thing to see how Jesus stood so utterly aloof from the mistaken ideas that prevailed in His time and for two thousand years after, and portrayed in His person and in His teachings exactly the kind of Deity that triumphant Democracy is forcing upon the world. Let us examine the characteristics which Jesus gave to Deity.

Jesus said He came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Hence, God, of whom Jesus claimed to be the representative, is primarily a Servant. What He wishes from us is not sacrifice, adoration and flattery, but chiefly that we use Him. "Go ye and learn what this meaneth; I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

Jesus washed His disciples' feet, and said, "So ought ye to wash one another's feet." Consequently the God that Jesus stood for is a power of humble ministries, of self-abnegating service, and far from our fanciful picture of One who sits on a throne and enjoys the ceaseless praise of cherubim and seraphim.

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," said Jesus. There you have the modern, scientific, democratic notion of the All-potent. He is not king, president or millionaire; He is a laborer, a carpenter, a chemist, an artist. He is not typified by the ninnies our conventions have placed at the top of the social ladder, but by the healthy, cheerful toilers at the bottom. He is a farmer, raising humanity's foodstuffs. He is the "hand" who lifts the waters from the

ocean, carries it over and sprinkles it upon the fields. He is "The Servant in the House," scrubbing, cleaning, airing and washing for His household.

Altogether if we are to accept Jesus' interpretation of God then this Almighty Spirit is not the All-terrible, seated in awful state upon a Great White Throne, but He is "meek and lowly of heart," a tender, intimate, approachable Being, very near every human longing. He dwells not yonder in Persian magnificence; He is among us—"Lo! I am with you alway."

The throne is empty. Its occupant is busy "going about doing good."

He is not the Magnate, the Leading Citizen of the universe; He is the "Friend of Sinners."

Over against John's picture of Him as a "King of King and Lord of Lords"

we may set Jesus' own statement that He "hath not where to lay His head."

Servant of All, He heals the sick, feeds the hungry, cheers the broken-hearted, teaches the young eagle to fly and the old man to hope, is annoyed when people call Him "Lord! Lord!" and do not the things He says, and being more than once frozen out of His temple He may be found in the crowd and press of men, in the habitations of lowly souls, breaking bread with some Mary and Martha, or leading by night some Nicodemus into the truth.

If we are to be orthodox enough to believe that Jesus was "the image of the godhead bodily," and that God is such as He, then we must purge orthodoxy of its heathen ingredients of monarchic display and cruelty.

THE GOD OF NATURE, LIKE THE GOD OF JESUS, IS A SERVANT

WHEN we turn from Jesus and look about us we discover that the God of Nature also has none of the signs of a Monarch but all the traits of a Servant.

For does not God, in His world, keep persistently in the background? So much so that many deny that there is any such Being. If He were a ruler of the medieval type He certainly would make some display. But He never rends the heavens and comes down. He has never allowed Himself the pardonable weakness of appearing in bodily presence to acknowledge the enthusiastic plaudits of His admirers.

On the contrary, he hides. No one conceals himself like God. All we can know of Him in nature is to be gathered from what He does. Is not that like a Worker, an honest, faithful Servant, proud and eager to perform His work, but escaping when we attempt to praise?

There in the night sky above us He works, rolling the stars, keeping up the fire of the sun, distilling the dews, sweeping the villages with His winds. Here he is about us in the Spring, bringing to pass the miracle of green things growing, ushering in the violet, unrolling the fern, painting the crocus, guiding the brook, and turning the fecund warmth of His sun against the loving earth.

There is no exhibition of self, no bid for applause; only work, work, work,

and just for the beauty and joy of it, the delight in creating.

Naturally, advertising humbugs cannot believe such a being exists.

LIKE GOD LIKE MAN

OUR notion of God subtly reacts to shape our character more than any other idea we possess. When our fathers believed that God fought against the other gods and laughed at the destruction of His enemies, they did likewise; they too tortured, ravaged and killed. In the name of God and with pious prayers Cromwell shot down the Irish, inquisitors twisted human beings out of shape, the Holy Church tortured heretics, the Puritans roasted witches, and Crusaders, to please the supposed vanity of Jesus, went to war to rescue His sepulchre from the unbelievers. To please the "Lord of the far-flung battle

line" men butchered by companies and set up statues to the bloodiest victor.

Monarchy has been the disease of the world.

And militarism is the pus of monarchism. The people have never gone to war. Colton says truly: "War is a game in which princes sometimes win; the people never."

The present emperor of Germany, posing as a "war-lord," is in line with the traditions of thrones. Under him, strong, counter-irritant socialism inflames rapidly.

Business, "big business," is not bad in itself. It is suffering from the inherited vices of monarchy, which poisons all our thought and action. For trusts, billionaires, wealth-units and monopolies are simply monarchic ideas

applied to money. Commerce needs democratizing as well as religion.

In fact, there is but one problem before the world,—democracy.

And we shall never realize the height and depth of the meaning of democracy until we have made our most fundamental idea democratic; that is, our idea of God.

THE CHURCH IS LOSING ITS HOLD ON MODERN LIFE IN PROPORTION AS IT CLINGS TO THE OLD IDEA

WE can now begin to understand why the Church seems to be losing its grip on modern life. It is because the God-Idea of the past, still cherished in most Churches, does not appeal to the higher type of modern moral conviction.

A place-holding, self-seeking God influences mankind to Competition, wherein we struggle also for self and place. The Jesus-Idea, or Serving-God, flows out upon humanity as a Spirit of Co-operation.

The God of the barbaric past got all He could for Himself; the modern God is the Christ-Spirit of doing all one can for others. One is a baron-count-duke

spirit; the other is a worker-spirit. The goal of one is to rule; the goal of the other is to serve.

MODERN EXPONENTS OF THE GOD OF SUCCESS

CECIL RHODES was the unconscious receptacle of years of evangelical and orthodox ideas, to the effect that God stands for Success, that He is "the God of Getting-on," that He is on the side of the strongest battalions and the most virile race. Hence he believed that to insure Anglo-Saxon supremacy was to work the will of destiny. Mr. Millionaire is perfectly at home in the Church, for he has done only what the theology of yesterday conceived God to be doing, to wit: getting "glory and honor, praise and power." Mr. Trustmaker in his pew can repeat with a whole heart the savage psalm, "Blessed be the Lord my God who teacheth my hands to war

and my fingers to fight!" Not to speak of his personal character, Mr. Yerkes would have found nothing in his business career to prevent him from joining any respectable congregation; and the Union Pacific bandits, who looted a nation, might, had they chosen, have passed the collection plate in the Church of the Golden Lilies, even as Daniel Drew tells us in his autobiography how he went from family prayers to daily buccaneering.

THE ADVANCE OF A PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

THE moral sense of the world has gone past the Church. The people have awakened to the fact that a man may be thoroughly orthodox, may thoroughly observe the established religious conventions, and still may be a thorough rascal. A notorious briber, we are informed by a United States Senator, "believes the Bible from lid to lid." Another boodler is an affectionate husband, a model father and a regular attendant at Church. Still a third thief, who has pillaged a city, "does not drink whisky nor does he use tobacco in any form."

Why is it that these protests arouse only a derisive smile? Is it because we

have ceased to believe that religion has anything to do with morals?

By no means. It is simply because a religion that is sooted with medievalism is utterly incompetent to produce moral results in the modern mind.

The rebate-thief, the corporation-wrecker, the bond-juggler, the political bandit, who rob the people with one hand while with the other they give gifts to the university, the missionary society and the Young Men's Christian Association, may fit into the Church but it is certain that there is nothing about them remotely suggesting Jesus Christ, nor any God whose name is Justice.

THE NEW NAME

THE New Name of God is—The People. Yet it is the old idea of Jesus. In His last prayers Jesus asked the Father that His disciples might be One with Him, "even as He and the Father were One." That is pretty strong language. The only reason we are not shocked by it into some perception of the truth is that we have not had the slightest suspicion of its meaning. We have set it down as an extravagance of overstatement, a sort of mystical flourish. But suppose we take Jesus to mean just what He says? And He intimates plainly that His wish is that He, God and the People may be identical.

And this is parallel to His other sayings. In the parable of the Last Judgment He declares that "inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have not done it unto Me." That means the entire identification of the God-Idea and the People-Idea if it means anything.

Not less significant is it that He chose to call Himself "The Son of Man."

Note other of His phrases: "All Mine are Thine, and I am glorified in them;" "The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given Them."

On one occasion when they told Him His mother and brethren awaited Him, He pointed to the People and said, "Behold My Mother and My Brethren!"

The Church by exalting Jesus has builded better than it knew. The People have come to take Him seriously

and to ask: How is a man going to serve and adore the Jesus kind of God when he debauches, exploits and swindles the People in whom God abides?

THE GOD OF DEMOCRACY

THE God of Democracy is not a King nor any Egoistic Potentate. He is the People.

That is His New Name we must learn.

The voice of the People may not always be the voice of God, but the welfare of the People is the welfare of God.

The People—that is the new revelation of God that glooms above thrones and senates and foreshadows their Day of Judgment. The People—that is the Spirit which with its whip of small cords purifies the life-insurance temple that the money-changers have transformed from a city of refuge to a den of thieves. The People—this is the

Almighty that hovers unseen over corporation boards and city councils. This is the God who, louder and louder as the national conscience grows, is saying to men of wealth, "What hast thou done with the talents I gave thee? Thou hast spent them upon thyself. Take therefore the talents from him and cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness." Of God ye shall not say, "Lo, here, or Lo, there, is His Kingdom, for the Kingdom of God is among you." A new meaning floods the poet's lines:

"And behind the great unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

THE NEW BLESSEDNESS

THE psychological reward of a monarchic God differs radically from that of a democratic God. From the Sultan-God we got happiness. Happiness is what "happens." It is given us by the ruler's whim. Believing in the former notion of Deity, people perceived that their condition depended upon the caprice of the Czar of the Universe. We are to be happy or miserable, as He wills. It is impious to ask why. We must kiss the rod.

But when we believe in the kind of God represented by the Nazarene, the God who lives in and for His People, we get joy, which does not "happen" at all, but is a state of the soul arising from

being in harmony with God, which means, in harmony with the laws of the universe and with the Soul of the whole People.

THE NEW SALVATION

WHEN we are obsessed by the God-Sultan idea we seek happiness by artificial, grotesque and irrational schemes, such as by repeating a certain formula, or by attending religious services, or by crawling through the convolutions of an evangelical syllogism, or by a forced intellectual consent to certain historical facts. That is the way a Sultan's subjects obtain favor. It is all some legal process, or the intervention of some influential minister, or the performance of some rite or flattery.

When, on the contrary, we see that God is no such a medieval childish tyrant, but is a dignified Peasant, Carpenter and Gentle Man, who is fully as

just, reasonable and fine-spirited as any good man among us, then we seek His favor and His gifts of peace by being as just, kind and honorable as we can. We perceive that He is not to be dealt with by quibbles, legal machinery and theological artifice. He is an intelligent, noble-minded Being who is Serving humanity and not Exploiting it for His selfish ends, and if we want to please Him and to "enter into His rest," we must do even as He is doing; we must begin to do something for the world instead of getting something out of it.

THE SERVING VERSUS THE MONARCHIC VIRTUES

THE Serving Virtues are humility, loyalty, self-control and unselfishness. The Kings of earth, whether ancient or modern, whether European hereditary aristocracy or American self-made plutocracy, are noticeable for their lack of these qualities. Such virtues are absolutely inconsistent with the desire to dominate. The only governor who could have them would be the one who accepts rule merely because it is the best way he can serve.

The monarch virtues are pride, egoism, love of power and desire for prominence. These are essentially mean. They beget cruelty. They are what is

the matter with our civilization. They cause a man to build a palace on Fifth Avenue as the moral apex of a pile of human suffering whose base is the sweat-shop and the gas-choked mine swarming with his stunted brothers.

On the contrary, you never meet a really great man, a truly majestic soul, full of the cosmic power of justice and altruism, who is not humble, who is not more considerate of human values than of money values. You never knew a beautiful soul that was not self-forgetful. These are not King-virtues. They are blacksmith, school-teacher, house-builder, poet and shoemaker virtues. They are the kind Jesus had, who was a Carpenter. They are the real virtues of God, who is Servant of All.

SERVICE AND SERVILITY

BUT does not some service imply servility? Is not the typical servant craven, low-spirited, cowardly, while the master is free, noble and manly. Are we not degrading God and putting Him beneath us when we call Him a Servant?

Unfortunately, centuries of ignorance and wrong thinking have left their poison in our language. From the notion that service is degrading we have drawn a contemptuous shade upon the words "servile, slave," and the like.

To clear up this point and to see the matter in its true light we have only to reflect that the average slave or servant

is as great a tyrant and monarchist as his master. Put him on the throne and he out-Herods Herod. He is not a true servant at all; he is a mean king forced to serve.

True servants are they who have the Spirit of Service, who are free, and choose service. Such, preëminently, was Jesus, who "took upon Him the form of a servant and learned obedience."

Such real service is the kind mothers perform for their children. We see the same spirit in the scientist investigating cholera, in the patriot striving to purify his city, and in all workmen who love and dignify their work, are proud of it and rejoice in it. In these we get a glimpse of the character of God, of His true joy, glory and majesty. Such a woman as Jane Addams has given the

world a truer idea of the real nature of God than all the cathedrals in Christendom.

THE CURSE OF CIVILIZATION

THIS age shall be cured of its money-madness, profligacy, insane competition and indifference toward the higher values of life; we shall ascend to healthful coöperation in business and to a healthful worship in our Churches, just in proportion as we learn our lesson, that God is not a vain King who is concerned with our obeisance because it pleases Him but a sensible Father who desires our obedience because it is best for us. He is not like the heathen gods, taking delight in our mowings and genuflexions, our processions and anthems, our ecstasies and mutilations; He is a Jesus-God who is pouring His power and love into His world and who wants us to do likewise. All he asks of us is to do our day's work, and sing thereby.

THE GOD OF THE YOKE

ABOVE this crazy civilization, rolling the Sisyphus' stone of success up the steeps of life, looms the vast shadow of Jesus of Nazareth, misunderstood in His day, now dimly glimpsed. We sing, "Crown Him Lord of All!" and call Him Savior, Master and God. We build Him splendid temples, around which swarm the wretched victims of our selfish social war. By din of organ, prayer and praise we drown His pathetic, appealing voice, which cries:

"Take my Y O K E upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls!"

POSTLUDE

THE HALL OF THE DEAD GODS

IN the House of Life I came into a dim hall where were the ghosts of the Dead Gods. Once they had ruled the house; now they haunted it. Once their names were blessed at feasts and invoked in peril; now they were whispered in fireside tales. Once they had been real and potent; now they had fallen to the portion of "weeds and forgotten faces."

There were idols, of stone, of wood, of jade, of gold and silver, of mud. Some were huge as temples, some small as signets. Some were beautiful as the Venus of the Louvre, some as ugly as the Loathly Damsel of Galahad.

There were the five idols that ruled before the flood, the idols Saint An-

thony saw: Sawa, woman shaped; Yaghueth, hound shaped; Yank, horse shaped; Nasr, eagle shaped; and Waad, man shaped.

There were black female gods with a hundred nipples, brown ones with fifty arms, livid ones with snakes for hair.

There were eagle, raven, ibis, and dove gods; there were crocodile, bull, ram, cow, beetle, and monkey gods.

There were amulets, charms, beads, signs, crosses, and totem-poles.

There were Jove and Juno and all the gods that once sat on Olympus and hunted in Hymettus, whose images once adorned Athens, whose temples filled Rome. Now they were as charmless as dead courtesans, powerless as mummied kings, lifeless as spots of dried blood.

There were the gods of evil: Lucifer, Ahriman, Belial, Sammael, and Beelzebub, Abaddon and Apollyon.

There were the gods of the East: Allah and Buddha, Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Krishna, Juggernauth, Isis, Osiris and Astoreth; and from the North: Thor, Odin and Friga.

There were sibyls who wrote no more; saints whose bones had lost their healing power; demiurges paralyzed; familiars that could not whisper; oracles dumb; wingless peris; nymphs and mermaids dead as sea-weed; dryads turned to lichens; fairies that danced no more in the moonlight; banshees that wailed no more outside the window; undines floating like fallen leaves in the river; sirens silent and purple-lipped; Oberon and Mab and Puck lying like little shriveled things among the

wood-flowers; fiends and furies and fates and harpies still as frozen serpents; vampires and ghouls and afrites impotent as tombstones; bogies, brownies, pixies, elves, leprechaunes and oufes heaped up like dried vines; dwarfs, kobolds, trolls, and nixes lifeless as clods; ghosts, specters, and hobgoblins; spooks, wraiths, and boggarts pale and spent.

And, as I wondered, I saw a Woman with a Child in her arms, standing in the ashes of the palace of Wotan. And the Child spake and said: "Upon us has come the inheritance of all. After a thousand years of babbling, mankind has learned to speak the Word. For there have been lords many, gods many, and fears many; but to us there is but one God, the Father, who is Servant of All."

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